*Page.* Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit old.

*Peda.* What is the figure? What is the figure?

*Page.* Hornes.

*Peda.* Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

*Pag.* Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

*Clow.* And I had but one pennie in the world, thou ſhould'ſt haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O And the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard; what a ioyfull father would'ſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends as they ſay.

*Peda.* Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel*, for *vnguem*.

*Brag.* *Artſ-man preambulat*, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

*Peda.* Or *Mons* the hill.

*Brag.* At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

*Peda.* I doe *ſans queſtion*.

*Bra.* Sir, it is the Kings ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

*Ped.* The *Poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſureable for the afternoon: the word is well culd, choſe ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure ſir, I doe aſſure.

*Brag.* Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remẽber thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſigns, & of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweete heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart I doe implore

ſecrecie



ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſen (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtents page ant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vn the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are good at ſuch ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I h you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

*Peda.* Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the n Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertaiame ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendred b the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtr Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo the Nine Worthies.

*Curat.* Where will you finde men worthie enc them?

*Peda. Ioſua*, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this man *Iudas Maccabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of ſ or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Brag.* Pardon ſir error: He is not quantitie en Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as the end of h

*Peda.* Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſe minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

*Pag.* An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audi may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſh that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho the grace to doe it.

*Brag.* For the reſt of the Worthies?

*Peda.* I will play three my ſelfe.

*Pag.* Thrice worthie Gentleman.

*Brag.* Shall I tell you a thing.

*Peda.* We attend.

*Brag.* We will haue, if this fadge not, an Anti you follow.

*Ped. Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken n while.

*Dull.* Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

*Ped.* Alone, we will imploy thee.

*Dull.* Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will pl bor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.